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SUBURBAN NEWS.

Happenings of Interest in Our Neighbor Towns.

AT ADAMS TODAY.

Special Town Meeting to be Held Saturday.—Mrs. E. A. Cadigan's Funeral—Conductor Gilmore Wins the Watch at Notre Dame Fair—Events of this Evening—Two Weddings—Other Local News of Importance.

SPECIAL TOWN MEETING

To See How the New Police Station is to be Paid For.

The selectmen have issued a warrant for a special town meeting to be held at the town hall on the afternoon of Saturday, September 2. The reason this meeting is called is expressed as follows in Article 2 of the warrant: "See what action the town will take in regard to raising money to pay for the new police station now in process of building."

Two Weddings.

Theodore Jaekel and Mrs. Annie Bower of Renfrew were united in marriage Friday evening and gave a very pleasant reception to their friends Saturday afternoon. Germana band, of which the groom is a member, attended. Miss Clara Conchaine and Fred Belanger were married at the church of Notre Dame at 8 o'clock this morning by Rev. Father Triggane. Miss Conchaine's sister was bridesmaid and the groom's brother was best man.

This Evening's Events.

The new Adams court of Foresters will be instituted at A. O. H. hall. The selectmen and library trustees will meet at the office of the former and elect a new chairman of the board of trustees. The Democratic town committee will choose five new members and elect a chairman to succeed William S. Morton, in the probate court room. Company M will drill at Armory hall.

Mrs. Cadigan's Funeral.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Edward A. Cadigan was held from her late home on Commercial street at 3 o'clock this afternoon with Rev. R. O. Sherwood officiating. Interment was made in Maple street cemetery. The bearers were: James Caligan, Maurice Cadigan, Henry A. Jones, Richard Moison, Charles Baker and William C. Ainslie.

Ball Games Saturday.

The Redfords went to Westfield Saturday and played the creek baseball nine of that place. The game was a good one with the seventh inning when a few hard hits earned several runs for Westfield. The score was 5 to 1.

The St. Jean Baptiste nine and the Forest Park had a hot game at Forest park and the former nine won.

Conductor Gilmore Won.

Notre Dame fair closed Saturday night after a very successful run and many articles were awarded. The most interesting was awarded in the contest for a gold watch among the conductors of the Hoosac Valley street railway, which was won by Conductor Robert Gilmore. Mr. Gilmore had collected \$132 and his closest competitor had only something over \$30.

Miss Flora Loomis led the meeting of the Epworth League at Trinity Methodist church Sunday evening on "The Rebuke of Christ to the Pharisees and Lawyers."

Rev. H. M. Boyce preached Sunday morning on "The First Words of the Bible."

Harry Richmond will build a box office in the window on the west side of his store.

Miss Nellie Pauline Barrett of Mableford's millinery store in Pittsfield, is spending her vacation at home.

Misses Bonnie and Julia Egan of Pittsfield visited local relatives Saturday.

E. J. Noble has returned home after an absence of five weeks.

Mrs. Edward Bowe has as her guest Mrs. Nellie Murphy of Lee.

Mrs. John Donohue is passing a week's vacation in Pittsfield.

Ronald McKenzie has returned home from Jewett City, Conn.

A. B. Daniels' family have returned from a vacation in Connecticut.

Mrs. A. F. Knight and family returned Saturday from an extended visit at the seashore.

Dr. and Mrs. A. K. Boom and children are at home after visiting Albany relatives.

Mrs. Luke and daughter, Miss Katie, left Saturday to visit relatives and friends in New York and Meriden, Conn.

There were several more boats of the Renfrew handicap pitched off Saturday.

Supt. Gray delivered an interesting lecture to the public school teachers at the high school this afternoon on "Schools and Mills."

The executive committee of the McKinley and Hobart club will meet in F. B. Shaw's office Tuesday evening.

"The Christian Motives" was the subject of Sunday evening's meeting of the Baptist Young People's Union, which was led by Thomas D. Brown.

Mrs. Richard Barry of Arlington, N. J., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Michael Hughes of Renfrew.

Miss Annie Egan of Pittsfield, who was a guest of Miss Hanna E. Daniels for a week, returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Barrett have come home from the seashore.

In court this morning Louis Steen, Fred Van Bunkirk and Charles Shepard were each fined \$5 for drunkenness.

Henry the five-month-old son of Octave and Abina Willett died at his home on Park street Saturday and was buried from the church of Notre Dame this afternoon.

The list of polls for 1893 has been issued from O. G. Boon's office.

Tax collector Henry B. Burdick is sending out his tax bills.

Patrick Timpane is in Winchendon on business.

THEY CARRY LIGHTS.

LUMINOUS BIRDS THAT HUNTERS HAVE DISCOVERED.

The Heron's Powder Patch, Which Makes a Two Candle Light—Birds of Madagascar, Trinidad and Other Places That Glow Phosphorescent at Will.

CHESHIRE.

Late arrivals at the "Cedars," are James McCabe and Fred Peck of Brooklyn.

A party of eleven bicycle riders from Bennington, Vt., took breakfast at the Cheshire Inn Sunday. They were on their way to Pittsfield, going back by way of South Williamstown on their way home.

George Dean received by express, two two-months old St. Bernard pups from Louis E. Brown of Dorchester Saturday. They are handsomely marked and are of the same breed as the one Mr. Dean sold for a good figure recently.

Eddie Donovan goes to Adams to school. He graduated here last term.

Carrie E. Lyman of North Adams was the guest of Mrs. Fred Farrar Sunday.

Misses Beers and mother were at Lebanon, N. Y., the past week.

Willie Martin and E. Smith started for school at Ashburnham this morning.

The ball game on Saturday between the home club and a North Adams club was won by the North Adams boys 16 to 15.

In the playing the catcher of the home club, James Raynolds, had a narrow escape, the ball striking him, fracturing his ribs. He was carried off the field in a ambulance but was better Sunday and able to be about.

WILLIAMSTOWN.

At the Greylock.

The following numbers were rendered in a concert at the Greylock Sunday afternoon:

Coronation march from Opera Fulkerson, orchestra; Consecration march, piano solo, Miss Alma C. Bennett; Largo, mezzo soprano solo, Mrs. J. C. Seiser; Mazurka Fantastique, violin solo, Miss Nellie Manfield; The Palms, cornet solo C. J. Russell; song, Leonard Blythe; The Devil's Serenade, orchestra. B. G. Briggs was director and E. L. Ashman, accompanist.

Tonight, Professor A. LaLande will deliver a humorous lecture on "The Origin of the French Theatre" in the parlors of Taconic Inn at 8.30 o'clock. Admission will be free.

A large driving party consisting of the Cream of Dalton the Misses Hawkins of Pittsfield and Mrs. H. P. Kilbridge visited the house Saturday.

The Schools Overcrowded.

The public schools opened today and the attendance was so large that many children could not be accommodated. In nearly all the buildings there were little ones standing. The high school was probably more overcrowded than the others.

The two primary departments were taken from the Spring street building and instituted in the Danforth building without a great deal of benefit. There is no disputing the fact that something must be done in the way of school house building.

BLACKINTON.

Lorenzo Uman has resumed his duties as carpenter at the mill after being on the sick list for several weeks.

James Riordan and son, James, of Providence, R. I., spent Sunday in town with Mr. Riordan's sisters, Misses Mary and Hanna Riordan.

Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Mogels of Greenfield spent Sunday in town the guests of Frederick Mogels.

Rev. Dr. G. W. Brown of North Adams occupied the pulpit at Blackinton church Sunday and preached a very fine sermon, one that gave all who heard it food for thought.

John B. Archer will leave town this evening for Detroit, Mich., where he will hang out his shingle as a "Counselor and Attorney" at law. He carries with him the best wishes of a large circle of friends who wish him success in his new profession.

The funeral of Michael Lannon of Greylock was held this morning from the church of the Holy Family at Greylock and was very largely attended. Rev. J. J. Fallon officiating.

William G. Ramsey, a student of the Chicago university and Williams '35, will lead the Tuesday evening prayer meeting. Mr. Ramsey has many friends in this village who will be pleased to meet him. He has been located during the summer at Bethany church, Brookline.

The Blackinton schools will open Tuesday September 3, with the same corps of teachers as last term with the exception of Miss Anna Carpenter who will be succeeded by Miss Mabel Blossom. The school building has been entirely renovated and the seals in room 1 have been replaced by better ones, the wood work has been repainted, ceilings and walls kalamitine so that it stands in the best condition of any school in this vicinity. The work has been done under the supervision of Committeeman Chippendale who has shown great interest in our school building. Janitor Ramsey is also to be complimented on his good work. The Greylock school will open on the same day and they too have received no small share of Mr. Chippendale's attention.

Lamarino and Advertising.

Yvette Violette, the singer, believes in the theory of advertising. "I recall a little story I used to hear about Lamarino," she says. "Once a friend asked him if he did not spend too much money in advertising. 'No,' was his reply; 'advertising is absolutely necessary. Even divine worship needs to be advertised. Else what is the meaning of church bells?'"

There is no middle ground in this contest. You must vote for sound money or rotten money. Every honest man will vote for sound money.

HEBE'S GRATITUDE.

HOW SHE REMEMBERED THE MAN WHO CURED HER FOOT.

The Story Told by a Veterinary Surgeon Who Early in His Career Had One of Bartram's Elephants For a Patient—A A Trying Ordeal.

I was a full fledged M. D. once and never should have thought of adopting my present profession if it hadn't been for a queer accident which occurred when I first hung out my shingle.

I had a rich neighbor, a man I was bound to propitiate, and the very first patient I had, after days of waiting for patients who didn't come, was to his farm to see what was the matter with his sick mare. I cured the mare and took in my shingle, for from that day to this I've never prescribed for a human being. I had won a reputation as a veterinary surgeon and had to stick to it. But that's neither here nor there, only if you think animals can't show gratitude and affection perhaps you'll change your mind.

When I had been in practice a year or two, I sent for my brother Dick. He was a wonderful chump with all kinds of odd jobs, and I thought perhaps I could work out of my part of it and leave that for him. I never did, for Dick's a cotton broker in New York now, and I should have to begin all over again to make a first rate physician. But that's what I meant to be then.

The next day after Dick came I got a telegram from P. T. Barnum. I'd been down there once or twice to his own stable, and he had a good deal of faith in me. The dispatch was:

"Hobe has hurt her foot. Come at once."

Hebe was a favorite elephant—a splendid creature, and worth a small fortune.

Well, I confess I hesitated. I distrust my own ability and dreaded the result. But Dick was determined to go, and so we did. When we got out of the cars, Barnum himself was there with a splendid pair of matched grays. He eyed me very dubiously.

"I'd forgotten you were such a little fellow," he said in a discomfited tone. "I'm afraid you can't help her."

His distrust put me on my mettle.

"Mr. Barnum," said I, getting into the carriage, "if it comes to a hand to hand fight between Hebe and me I don't believe an extra foot or two of height would help me any."

He laughed outright, and began telling how the elephant was hurt. She had stepped on a small bit of iron and it had penetrated the tender part of the foot. She was in intense agony and almost wild with pain.

Long before we reached the inclosure in which she was we could hear her piteous trumpeting, and when we entered we found her on three legs, swinging the hurt foot slowly backward and forward and uttering long cries of anguish. Such dumb misery in her looks—poor thing!

Even Dick quailed now.

"You can never get near her," he whispered. "She'll kill you, sure."

Her keeper divided what he said.

"Don't you be afraid, sir," he called out to me. "Hebe's got sense."

I took my instruments from Mr. Barnum.

"I like your pluck, my boy," he said heartily, but I own that I felt rather queer and shaky as I went up to the huge beast.

The man employed about the show came around us curiously, but at a respectful and eminently safe distance, as I bent down to examine the foot.

While I was doing so as gently as I could I felt, to my horror, a light touch on my hair. It was as light as a woman's, but as I turned and saw the great trunk behind me it had an awful engrossingness.

"She's only curling your hair," sang out the keeper. "Don't mind her."

I shall have to cut, and cut deep," said I by way of reply.

He had a low voice in some lingo, which was evidently intended for the elephant's understanding only. Then he shouted with the utmost coolness:

"Cut away!"

The man's faith inspired me. There he stood, quite unprotected, directly in front of the great creature, and quietly jabbered away to her as if this were an everyday occurrence.

Well, I made one dash with the knife. I felt the grasp on my hair tighten perceptibly, yet not ungently. Cold drops of perspiration came out all over me.

"Shall I cut again?" I managed to call out.

"Cut away," came again the encouraging response.

The grapple did the work. The abscess was lanced. We sprayed out the foot, packed it with oakum and bound it up. The relief must have been immediate, for the grasp on my hair relaxed, the elephant drew a long, almost human, sigh, and—well, I don't know what happened next, for I fainted dead away. Dick must have finished the business and picked up me and my tools. I was as limp as a rag.

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